

Regrets

Story: Regrets

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Summary: Written for DarkHybridChild/Mandi. Before Ivan joins permanently and before he leaves the party for the first time, he has some doubts and some unexplained feelings about Isaac and Garet. An exploration into Ivan's character and how he could have possibly fallen in love with Isaac. Isaac/Ivan eventually.

***Chapter 1*: Regrets**

A/N: For Mandi, may she have many happy years ahead and keep inspiring me to write random things for the hell of it. Merry Christmas dear~ . Part one of I don't know how many and I'm very sorry if I accidentally work in Isaac/Felix like I know I keep trying to. And it's been ages since I've actually played the game, apologies all around if I put something that contradicts canon.

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For a moment, Ivan thought it had been a dream, fading memories of warmth and fondness, people with powers similar to his own. Then he woke up and found Gareth eating his breakfast, specifically Ivan's breakfast because in his mind unwatched food was fair game. He didn't have to be a telepath to understand that because if he wasn't fighting, asking questions about obvious things, he was eating, often things he wasn't supposed to.

It wasn't a dream; it might be along the lines of a nightmare as well, but it wasn't a dream. As soon as Gareth saw he was awake, he had the good grace to look apologetic and yet did not stop shoveling food into his mouth. Ivan sat up, adjusting his clothes which he had slept in as he swung his legs over the bed, opening his mouth to say something scathing to the fire adept when the door opened and Isaac stepped in. The glare he fixed on Gareth did more than anything Ivan could say to him as the redhead immediately swallowed and pushed the meal back towards Ivan's spot on the table, as soon as he saw Gareth's throat move, Isaac's gaze swung to meet Ivan's own.

Ivan had learned in the short time he had known the earth adept that pulling words from him was like pulling blood from a stone. Isaac only spoke when absolutely necessary, preferring actions to words. Ivan knew why; when he had scanned his mind it had featured so strongly that whenever he looked at Isaac it was all he could see. A boy clinging to a rock in the middle of a river, rain pouring down from the sky; the final rock was coming, going to sweep him away and he couldn't do *anything*, he couldn't save him. That same boy years later, all grown up now, his heart hurt like he was being stabbed and suddenly he didn't understand anything.

So he stared at Isaac and Isaac stared back, he couldn't read his expression, couldn't get anything from him because Isaac's face showed about as much emotion as a rock. Normally in this situation, he'd use his magic-his psyenergy and just pick it out of his mind, but he had said he wouldn't, and, more importantly, they'd both know if he did. It was strange, to have his gift seen and acknowledged, strange, wonderful and a little bit terrifying.

"So," Isaac began, shifting so his arms were crossed over his chest, staring Ivan down. "I guess this is where we part ways." Ivan went cold; remembering that he had to return to his father with the Shaman's Staff and that Isaac and Gareth had to continue on their journey to save the world.

Let me come with you. He wanted to say, *Come with me.* So many things flashed through his mind and never had he been more grateful that everyone else lacked the ability to read minds. He didn't want Isaac to think he was silly or anything like that. Isaac had his path set out for him and he had his own. He knew that, he just... Spending time with people like him had been nice, he wasn't strange or all knowing or anything like that. He was just another adept, even if his powers weren't what they were used to.

"It seems so." He said in what he hoped was an even tone, stomach in his shoes even as he faked a smile. Later, when he was on the road, he would have time to step back and analyze his feelings, his reactions. But for now, he had to get through this. He took a deep breath, genuine smile replacing the real one.

"Good luck on your journey." He said it, and he meant it, looking from Isaac to Gareth and back again as he shook the last remnants of sleep away. Isaac nodded as Gareth finished the last bits of breakfast, having sneakily started on it again when Isaac hadn't been looking.

"Good luck on yours too. Wish you were coming with us, that mind-reading trick of yours sure is handy." Gareth said, after a loud, long burp that made Isaac cover his face and sigh. Ivan smiled, warm feelings bubbling up as he turned away.

"Maybe we'll meet again." *And maybe this time, he'd be able to stay or Isaac would be able to stay.* He nodded once and headed to the door, ready to follow in Hammet's path. If he said any more, it would be harder, if he stayed any longer, he didn't know if he would be able to leave.

They would meet again, he was sure of it, he could feel it in his bones. And at that time, he would probably be able to articulate what he felt, what he thought and how much these two meant to him, even though their acquaintance had been brief. He wanted to know more about them, about his people, where he came from and why he was so far away from the rest.

It would have to wait, Hammet came first.

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To be continued, or not. Not sure yet. Still not sure I got Ivan's voice down, and if I like this style, but it's a gift fic and the first chapter is written, so, here we are.

Liked it? Loved it? Hated it? Found a glaring grammatical error/typo?

Leave a review and tell me what you think~ .